

# Light

by John James

This amuses me: kitchen clatter,  
stainless-steel pots and pans,  
a kettle on the stove heating water for tea.  
I am sitting at the table watching gray light  
filter through the east-facing window.  
A jay perches on the second—  
story outer sill—and what of that  
brilliant feather-red crown of tuft?  
Later tonight I will switch the lamps down low,  
and we will burn candles, whisper kisses  
to each other in their dim flame—like last week  
when we made love to shingle-patter rain,  
finished, and waited on the back porch  
for the thick of August heat,  
breathed-in wetness from the air.  
There are limits to what can be said.